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THERE ARE NO BRICK WALLS

The Drama of Religion

THERE are two stories in THE INQUIRER this week which illustrate the drama of religious speculation and feeling. One is the story of science; the other is the story of an unknown layman or laymen who have transformed the life of a church. The story of science describes vividly the interaction between the discoveries of the mind and the truths of religion. On this level the drama is one of thought. Thinking men desire to hold a harmony between what they discover about the world in which they live and the declarations of religion. It has been said that religion is one thing and science is another, never shall the twain meet, and it is wrong to try and make them do so. This supposed separation between religion and science has been used as an argument in support of the truths of religion. It is a very wrong argument. Religion can never be kept in a water-tight compartment, or thrust up into an ivory tower of pleasant undisturbed feeling. It has to fight for its life within the mind of man; and when it fights there it has the profoundest influence upon the development of man. When it does not fight, but sinks into mere soporific acceptance of conventional thought, then it becomes, as it has been described, "the opium of the people".

All Men Are Equal

But this intellectual struggle, presented partly in the modern world through the experience of science, is only a part of the drama, and by no means the most important part. The real glory of religion is shown in the manner it springs to life in the lives of ordinary people. For when this happens it is seen that there are no ordinary people. The extraordinary and the ordinary are alike. There is no difference between the saint who is a scientist or the saint who is a peasant. Religion is not thought out, it is acted, and in the acting the man of intellect is equal with the simplicity of the man of the soil. It seems sometimes to be assumed, for instance, that men can invent God. Let so many men of intellect get together, seems frequently to be a modern demand, and tell us what kind of God we can believe in. But God cannot be invented, he already exists. All that the men of intellect can do, when they are men of religion also, is to purify men's notions about the idea of God; and even then the purification will not depend upon their intellect, but upon the spirit, or religion, which directs it. Religion always has sprung out of the life of the people. It comes out of the hidden demand of the human spirit; and within the ranges of this demand all men are completely, and even devastatingly, equal.

The Man Who Cares

The triumph of religion, therefore, comes to life in the lives of the men who care. There is no triumph of this kind in the lives of men who do not care. Where there is one man who cares, and cares deeply enough to do something

about it, there is religion. He does not follow, he leads. By his action, sometimes single-handed, he cuts a path through difficulties and persuades others to follow. In this sense the second story we have referred to in this issue, that of an ordinary layman or laymen, is more important than the first. The second story demonstrates the bedrock truths of religion; within the hidden depths of individual lives these truths are laid bare. And all the thinking in the world—although this is certainly necessary—and all the propaganda will not accomplish this. The solitary unremitting devotion of one man in a congregation will do more for its life than all the leaflets, pamphlets, wayside pulpits and all the other forms of "publicity" put together. And this is not intended as a denigration of "publicity". Very often the leaflet is treated as a kind of easy alternative to the real action that should be expended to make a religious cause live.

"The Symbols Will Find You Out"

The church or meeting-place, whatever its character, and no matter how long it has stood, grows around its worshippers. It is what they design and desire—what they are—that dictates the kind of home in which they shall meet. There is a certain inevitable law in religion, as there is in all expressions of the spirit; "Be ye sure that your symbols will find you out". A church or a meeting place is a symbol. It declares from its aspect what is being conducted inside. When it is cared for, and true in its intention, then it announces to everyone that truth exists within its walls. When it is in decay or uncared for, and consequently untrue in intention, then it announces without hope of camouflage, its untruth to the world. There is no escape in religion. There is no hope that the half-truth, or the shabby, or the pretence, will carry off the true exercise of the spirit. It should not be otherwise. Religion should live, it can only live, by the flame of spirit that burns in the life of those who profess it.

The Task of the Person

Religion consequently is not a "movement", it is something more. It is the life of men lived in experiences that cannot be paralleled in any other human activity. It is the life of ordinary men when ordinary men have really reached what belongs to their hearts desire. According to the gift of the spirit, the gift that comes from the ordinary men, so will the religion be. It is not a task for someone else, certainly not a task for "leadership"; it is the task of every single person in a congregation, not looking to the other person to see what he is doing, but the task of the self acting without complaint and without the expectation of reward—as the world counts reward.

In this manner a Church is created. It is different from every other institution because it is, and can only be, created in this manner. Wherever this kind of life exists there is a Church, no matter what name is given to it.

THE SCIENTISTS ANSWER QUESTIONS

By F. J. M. Stratton

(Some time ago the Secretariat of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom sent out an inquiry to a number of scientists, asking for their opinion on the relation between religion and science. Professor F. J. M. Stratton, of Cambridge University, worked upon the replies and made a report of his findings. We are privileged to print below Professor Stratton's summary.)

1. What part has science played in the so-called process of secularisation of the Western world?

UNDOUBTEDLY a very great part: primarily by explaining the working of the Universe in terms of mechanical laws, thus removing the need of the hypothesis of a God, previously invoked to explain mysterious and unexplained natural events; secondly by explaining so much of the bodily mechanism of animals and so of man, in terms of physics and chemistry.

Accompanying these two processes is the effect of the evidence for the evolution of the human species from lower forms of life, the implication that man was not specially created nor ever fell from a state of primitive innocence. The scientists' account of the immensities of time and space that underlie the history of the Universe is very different from that of the Bible and has driven many from an early belief in its infallibility. The claims of many religious groups that their beliefs must be accepted in full has, owing to the discrediting of some elements, led to the discrediting of the entire system. In offering a choice between credulous conforming orthodoxy and complete irreligion the traditional theologians have succeeded chiefly in throwing religion into discredit by tying it to discredited and anti-scientific physical, biological (psychological and sociological) theories. Insistence on belief in the miraculous as fundamental to Christian faith has led to destruction of blind faith as the result of the work of the scientist. The refusal of the main body of orthodox churches to alter their formularies to meet the outlook which modern science has imposed on the bulk of educated mankind has greatly helped to accelerate the drift from the churches.

The manifest power of the scientist in the natural world coupled with the defence in the name of religion of untenable superstitions has lent colour to the view that religion is an expression of mass ignorance. In a sense science has become to many the really dependable method of revelation, giving an ever more acceptable philosophy of life: its courageous investigations and writings on the frontiers of knowledge have replaced in popular interest dogmas which have come to appear outworn.

As a side issue it might be added that the development, largely by science, of fresh means of enjoyment within reach of the masses of mankind has led to a falling away from public worship with a consequent increase in secularisation.

The answer to the above effects of science is twofold. On the one hand the broader religious groups have made, and are prepared to make, adjustments to earlier beliefs to meet the growth of knowledge. On the other hand there is a growing recognition that natural science and religion deal with different phases of human life; each may be complementary to the other, not opposed; that the objective world as developed by science may condition the subjective ideals of man but should not control them.

2. What is the present relationship of science, especially the natural sciences like physics, chemistry, biology, etc., in its methods and outlook to religion in general and to Christianity in particular?

The general opinion is that science as such has no direct relationship with religion except in so far as religion is defined as a way of orienting the individual to society and the Universe. A philosophy of the cosmos and of living can only derive from a vital knowledge of the best creations of the human mind in the sphere of science, art and religion. Science and religion deal with different aspects of life.

In the case of individual scientists there seems to many to be growing evidence of a more positive relationship

between these two aspects, a diminishing distinction between matter and spirit. This is especially noticeable among a group of theoretical physicists, for whom sense data do not represent the whole of reality: they must be reinforced by art, music and religion. That there are outstanding contradictions in their conception of the Universe is recognised by physicists as well as by theologians. Both groups hope to be moving steadily towards resolving them, each in its own way.

Apart however, from a comparatively small group of scientists it would be accurate to say that the present relationship of science to religion is one of indifference as opposed to the hostility which prevailed widely in the latter half of the nineteenth century. This applies particularly to that side of religion which is associated with beliefs. On the other hand on the side of religion associated with ethics, with the individual's relation to the society in which he lives, there is a growing interest among scientists, and not only among those who are students of the social sciences such as psychology, anthropology and sociology. Science is more interested in prophetic than in priestly religion, in working for a world based on brotherhood, on the Sermon on the Mount. It tends to a reasoned and practical religion with high ideals. The figure that shines through the traditional writings of the New Testament has been an inspiration to scientists as well as to artists and seers. It is this side of Christianity that inspires rather than its creeds or ritual. The evidentials of Christianity that appeal to the scientist are the evidence of its fruits in the form of charity and love to God and man.

One point frequently raised is the relation of the principle of uncertainty in microphysics to the question of free will and determinism. On this point opinions differ widely, but the general view is that it would not be correct to draw religious conclusions from the uncertainty principle and that the solution of the problem whether human freedom can result from uncertainty in an atomic universe must be left to the future.

Any answer to the second question, as to the first, must emphasise that the central values of religion and science are different; that science explores without pre-commitment as to the conclusion to be reached, while organised religion has too often endeavoured to impose belief as a requirement and to discourage free critical enquiry; that science, because emotional urge tends to prevent completely free inquiry, has tended to discourage it and to rely entirely on inquiry, leaving his emotional life uncritically determined. The scientist has the duty to assemble his emotional drive in accord with his critical convictions, while the religious man should encourage his emotional drive but should correct, inform and guide it by critical inquiry.

(To be concluded next week.)

"WISHFUL THINKING"

By John Rowland

ONE of the accusations frequently levelled against believers in a spiritual background to human life is that they are guilty of "wishful thinking". It is, in other words, often suggested that a man who thinks that there is a Ruler of the Universe, like a man who thinks that there is a mode of life beyond the grave, is merely believing comfortable things, for which there is neither evidence nor validity.

This is an argument which is advanced by many people of varying views and of varying intellectual status. It has been even supported by Bertrand Russell, though possibly not quite in the blunt fashion in which I have stated it. It seems worth while spending a few moments in considering it briefly, for it has acquired a fairly wide vogue in these days when psychology of a "popular" type has been accepted by many people.

First of all, then, there is one very strong argument against it—though this is an argument which has been constantly disputed by scientifically-minded folk. The argument is that most people would wish to believe in God, just as most people would wish to have a life beyond the grave. Admittedly, this is not a direct proof. The fact that a man is hungry is no proof that he will be provided with food. That, indeed, is the way in which the agnostic will counter the position I have set out. But the fact that a man is hungry is, after all, a proof that he has a body so constructed that

it needs food. And may not the fact that men have minds and souls so constructed that they feel a need for a God and for some kind of spiritual continuity be regarded as proof that God and a spiritual universe are there in the background?

"Wishful thinking" is an accusation very easily levelled. But the person who believes that the mind is an emanation of the brain, that merely chemical and physical changes produce mental changes, will find it very difficult, if he analyses his arguments, to see how these chemical and physical changes in the brain can produce convictions of truth and falsehood, of beauty and ugliness.

Someone wrote the other day that the problem of psychoanalysis, that technique for dealing with mental abnormalities, was to decide who was to analyse the analyst! And that is merely another way of saying what I have just tried to show. If (as the psychoanalyst would say) most of our mental processes are the results of something welling up from the unconscious part of the mind, how can we tell that the thought processes of the conscious mind (including the thought-processes of the psychoanalyst himself) are productive of truth?

In fact, the more that we think things over, the more we come to see that a spiritual background to human life is something with a rational basis. Materialism, whether of the mechanical kind or of the kind accepted by the Marxist, turns out to be a theory not at all easy to accept. That it is accepted by many people as "the last word" in philosophy is merely an indication that there is often a kind of mental hangover from the past. In the 1890's it may have been possible to believe in such an explanation of the problems of existence. In the 1950's it is becoming less and less possible.

It is true each of us remains through the years of life the same person and we find it difficult to think of our own extinction. "If I die", says Berdyaev, "and there is to be no more life for me, I finally disappear and then there will be nothing at all: there will be no world, for I was the only proof of the world". There is something queer about this, but we have a glimpse of its truth. The world depends upon our consciousness. If I pass out of existence, my world passes out too—the red gold dawns which I see here in the Isle of Arran, the mountains in their white winter loveliness, the lonely ships on the waters, the grace of graciousness with which I have been treated. The loss of any individual would thus be a tragedy. Yes, but are we not familiar enough with loss and tragedy—young lives full of ardent hopes and high ideals cut off by disease or accident, brilliant intellects wasted by some injury to the brain, generous souls embittered by harsh and unfair treatment? We cannot but feel the pity of things. Yet, as we live in a mysterious universe and when we are concerned with so marvellous a creature as man, perplexities are hardly surprising. "The world is what it is, not for us alone. It exists because . . . it is more comprehensive and inclusive than any other could be". There is evil, but the evil does not cancel out the good and through the "tears of things" there shines the restlessness of the human heart for the ultimate Beauty.

J.G.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Marjell Hilton

IN Stephen Spender's autobiography there is a character which makes a deep impression upon the reader. She is not one of the famous personalities whom he met, nor is she a contemporary figure amongst his circle of friends. She is an obscure woman who had a great influence upon the writer. He writes of her: "Ella was a miracle of a kind in which few sophisticated people today appear to believe; she was a really good person. Dickens and Balzac describe such unaccountably good and pure characters with the result that modern critics, versed more in psychological theory than experience of life, blame them for inventing impossible human beings. They are charged with describing perfection instead of analysing the conflicts which make a character convincing. Yet in Ella there appeared to be no conflict. In the 20 years I knew her, I never heard her make a spiteful remark, or fail in any sacrifice demanded of her. Nor did she draw attention to her own virtues or expect any reward. If she ever

showed resentment it was only of real injuries done, for she had the courage to show her mind." And Stephen Spender goes on to say this with which we would all agree: "True goodness is based on abnegation and that is why today when repression is often spoken of as though it were worse than the passion repressed, we resent the idea that there are people who are simply good. We are probably to suspect that people who gain fame by their virtues satisfy a secret lust for power. Yet meek, humble, obscure goodness, based on renunciation and obtaining little or no recognition or reward cannot be explained away like this. Ella was one of the meek."

Throughout the dark days of war many of us were sustained by the thought of the unchanging laws of nature. Amidst the destruction there was the knowledge that the seasons go on just the same in spite of man's inhumanity to man. Speaking of the first world war Lord Grey said, "In those dark days I found some support in the steady progress of the beauty of the seasons. Every year as Spring came back unfailing and unfaltering, the leaves came out with the same tender green, the birds sang, the flowers came up and opened, and I felt that a great power of nature for beauty was not affected by the war. . . . If as years go on we can feel the beauty of the world as Wordsworth felt it and get from it

'Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow and ever during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation,'

then we have indeed a recreation which will give us not merely pleasure, but strength, refreshment and confidence."

We need no great gifts to find this peace in nature; the way, as Mary Webb so beautifully puts it, "is through love of beauty and reality, and through absorbed preoccupation with those signs of divinity that are like faint, miraculous footprints across the world. We need no passports in the freemasonry of earth as we do in the company of men; the only indispensable gifts are a humble mind and a receptive heart. We must go softly if we desire the butterfly's confidence; we must walk humbly if we dare to ask for an interpretation of this dream of God".

When the value of the individual seems of little worth in our modern world it is good to dwell for a time on the friendships which one has made in one's life.

"Friendship", John MacMurray has reminded us, is the only form of human life in which we can be our whole selves or our essential selves, and we all need those with whom we can be utterly at ease. There is always a romance about life if besides cherishing our old friends we keep our hearts open to new friendships. Wasn't it Masterflack who said that we should always listen to footsteps as we do not know who might be entering our lives? There is nothing more important than personal relationships; in fact it seems that the whole meaning of life is involved in them. When a cynic with his subtle tongue tries to destroy the worth of ordinary individuals, their strivings and failures, their soaring hopes and abysmal disappointments, it is good to think of some of the great friendships about which we have been privileged to read.

In the Bible there are many of these: David and Jonathan come first to mind, then Ruth and Naomi. There are also the husbands and wives who were also great friends, like the Brownings, Pierre and Marie Curie, Beatrice and Sydney Webb. The friendship of William Wordsworth with his sister Dorothy is always good to remember. The loveliest friendship between teacher and pupil was that of Ann Sullivan Macy and Helen Keller, and one is always reading of the illimitable influence of teachers upon the growing child. William Holby had a deep and happy relationship with her mother, indeed she had a genius for friendship. The friendship between Mary Unwin and the poet Couper is of infinite beauty, and of recent years we have been privileged to read of the unusual and lovely friendship which drew Marjell Hilton, Hudson Shaw and his wife Ella together in a three-fold cord. John MacMurray goes so far as to say that the friendship of Christ is central in our friendships with one another, that Christianity is the religion of friendship and the essence of our Christianity is the reality and depth of our friendship with men and women.

THE ADVENTURE OF CHURCH MAINTENANCE

DEVOTION TRANSFORMS— NEGLECT DESTROYS

L—THE CHAPEL IN THE VALLEY

By Wilfred Waddington

(District Minister of the London District and South-Eastern Provincial Assembly.)

A SUNDAY without a preaching engagement permits me to make my second visit to "the Chapel in the Valley". My wife, with recollections of our first visit some fifteen months ago, is not very enthusiastic; and the youngsters, in the words of our fourteen-year-old, "quite frankly take a dim view of it"; but a young man whose work had taken him into the valley was appointed church secretary soon after I settled in London, and he has been writing to me, as District minister-secretary, about a grant in aid of interior redecoration at the chapel. I wish to have a talk with him, and my family is reconciled by the thought that it is a pleasant run down in the car and we can go forward to Blankton for the evening service.

We are accustomed to "leaving time to spare" in case of punctures or other misadventures, and so we arrive more than half-an-hour before the service is due to commence.

The chapel occupies a corner site, and the wartime removal of the railings had formerly enabled the children from a nearby school to establish a short-cut through the overgrown shrubbery; the latter, I recall, was well besprinkled with food wrappings of various kinds at the time of our previous visit. As we pull up, I am a little startled to discover that the old chapel has a new air of being used and loved.

This article will inspire you. Next week we shall tell the story of the restoration of two bombed churches.

There is a well-creosoted rustic fence across the narrow frontage and a long stretch of heavy square-mesh netting on concrete posts faces the side road. The concrete posts and netting have been painted dark green—an unusual refinement; the shrubbery is almost entirely cleared; newly-gravelled paths are edged with four courses of rough-dressed stones, and dabbias, chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones are in full flower in the raised beds. The once-decrepit notice board has been rescued from its long abiding-place by the vestry door and has been bolted to two more of the green concrete posts; its bold Gothic lettering causes me to wonder why ancient, decorated and hardly-legible scripts are so often considered more appropriate; but there is little time for such reflections as my eye passes swiftly to the chapel. The stone walls still bear the marks from choked gutters and cracked down-spouts, but these are not recent and the chapel gleams under a coat of new paint.

Port adolescence appreciatively exclaims, "My! My! Things are looking up", and for a short time we stand in surprise and awed silence until footsteps on the gravel herald the approach of the new secretary. We introduce ourselves and he reacts visibly to our somewhat open-mouthed appreciation, and almost swells with pride as he assures us that it is "all our own work except the lettering and the painting of the chapel". We soon learn about "yards" of gravel and stone from a nearby quarry and about the remarkable achievements of half-a-dozen men and youths and a few ladies on Easter Monday and Tuesday and at other times. A cloud shadows his face as he speaks of the extensive and expensive mastic-painting of window-frames and doors occasioned by years of neglect, but it is only for a moment. We must see the inside of the chapel before the congregation arrive but, of course, we must understand that the interior decoration remains to be done.

The newly-painted doors are flung wide, a dust-sheet is whisked off an oak table, and the hymn books, which formerly languished dustily in the pews from Sunday to Sunday, now

await the ministrations of the warden who will hand them to the people with a welcome as they arrive. They have a scheme, we are told, whereby new and suitably-inscribed hymn books may be given for the use of the congregation in memory of loved-ones lost or in appreciation of happy hours spent in church and school—but "all in good time".

The vestibule looks lighter and brighter than I expected, in spite of the obvious need of interior decoration; an upward glance reveals that one or two cracked and broken panes in the ceiling light have been renewed, and the condition of the putty, as it awaits its coat of paint, suggests an amateur but loving hand; moreover, the dust of the ages that formerly shrouded the upper surface of the glass inside the church has been removed, and the daylight from the chapel windows glints on the moulded pattern of the glass in this interior "sky-light". I am content to appreciate the change in silence, but my wife almost involuntarily expresses delight as she surveys the polished floor-tiles and the spotless matting; we learn that, having received the gift of an electric vacuum cleaner, the chapel committee has been really extravagant and has bought an electric floor-polisher, with great benefit, not only to these tiles, but, as we shall shortly see, to the lino throughout the church.

We pass through the inner door into the church to discover that, unknown to me, it has been electrically relighted. Gone are the ancient shades and glaring bulbs; gone is that gleaming light over the pulpit which has lulled many a worshipper into hypnotic slumber. Opal fittings hang on bronze chains from the high ceiling. I confess that I am a little surprised that I have never heard about this work being done. The secretary tells me that "they were lucky"—one of the members happens to be a Post Office engineer and he really understands all about these things; a few of them, working under his expert direction, had been able to break into the existing wiring with lead-covered cables laid across the rafters. "But how", I asked, "did you manage the ladder-work on so high a ceiling?" His eyes twinkle with pleasure at my genuine surprise as he unfolds the mystery of the way in which the ready-assembled chains and metal galleries had

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been pulled up through small holes in the plaster and then secured to bearers on the ceiling-joists. The materials, mainly the opal fittings, had cost £40. Yes, they have been very lucky—if that is the right word.

The secretary redundantly draws my attention to the rush-bottomed whitewood chairs and I am not again to be taken by surprise when he tells me how they have been scrubbed and bleached by some of the women with the assistance of their husbands, a hosepipe, and "the pleasant summer sun". I remember the rueful glance my wife had bestowed on the back of her cotton frock fifteen months ago. The broken chairs that used to be stacked in the rear corner of the chapel are gone; some have been repaired and are back in service; others still await attention in the workroom.

The secretary assures me that he is very glad to have this opportunity of a conversation with me—he hopes that we may have a talk after service about the quotations they have received for the interior decoration and the procedure to be followed in asking for help from the Appeal Fund which was, in part, dedicated to such work. They have worked so far "under their own steam" but would now be grateful for assistance. The committee have seen designs of work carried out by the firm which submitted the cheapest quotation; the firm has promised to submit a design for approval before the work is begun and their specification of materials seems satisfactory. The committee have decided that flat paint is most durable and satisfactory for the general work, but the window-bottoms will be painted with gloss paint. They find it difficult to make up their minds about the best colour, but the secretary agrees with me that, in any of the usual colours, the choice of shade is the really important factor.

For the sake of economy, they have not included the organ and the heating fittings in the general scheme of redecoration; they feel that they can very well tackle the organ for themselves with a little soap and water and half-a-gallon of clear varnish; they may decide to paint the heating radiators and pipes with a suitable heat-resisting paint, but they are somewhat troubled about the question of heating. Caretaking is now a grave problem, and they will be grateful if, out of the experiences of other churches, I can offer them any guidance about gas-heated boilers or alternative heating systems. Do auxiliary gas-radiators and panel-heaters always smell so abominably and constrict the throat if the burners are properly cleaned and adjusted?

The members of the congregation have begun to assemble; the secretary shows us to our seats and as we sit down to compose ourselves for the service the warden comes to whisper to him and we catch the words "two strangers" as they walk away.

My colleague, the minister, enters the pulpit and I wonder if I am deceived in thinking that he walks more firmly and speaks more happily and confidently than when I heard him fifteen months ago. "O come, let us worship and bow down"—the Oxford Dictionary informs us that "worship" is "reverent homage or service paid to God", and if that is so, this is indeed a place of worship—a place where reverent homage and service are paid to God.

As the service proceeds towards its close, I rejoice that, in the absence of a choir, the organist, though catholic in his use of tune-books, has discovered at least one merit in our own, the settings of many well-known tunes in a lower key.

We come eventually to that Dismissal Verse which is becoming increasingly popular:—

"Drop thy still dew of quietness
Till all our strivings cease."

The words might have sounded like the knell of spiritual death in the midst of life; not so today; I have felt that "Truly, the Lord is in this place" and I take up and help to swell the strain:—

"And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

Our post-service conversations and consultations over and our happy farewells said, we get back into the car: "What a transformation!" My eight-year-old says, "We'll come here again, won't we, daddy?" I reflect on those words

from the pen of the Editor of THE INQUIRER, words that I have quoted elsewhere: "The living truth is that a congregation can sometimes be transformed by one passionate and devoted layman"; and I reply, "Yes, my love, we'll come again when we are able".

You may think that my "Chapel in the Valley", like Mr. Sandy Macpherson's, is purely imaginary, but it is not. True, it exists in no single place, but in all its parts past and present, good and bad, it is only compounded of things seen and heard and done in many places; and my words to my youngster are not mine alone—"Yes, we'll come again".

II.—BUT MUCH REMAINS TO BE DONE

By Ronald Bartram

(Member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the General Assembly)

IN TOO many cases the condition of our churches is one that does not do credit to our denomination. Churches are allowed to get into a state such as would not be tolerated in our own homes and yet the Church is the place in which we meet to worship God and invite strangers to come and join with us in such worship.

What would be your reaction if you went into a church which evidently had not had a coat of paint or distemper for more years than we care to think? It is quite realised that in many cases, it costs a great deal to redecorate a church, but if a sum is set aside each year for this purpose it will be found that by the time the redecoration is to be done a large part of the expense will have been accumulated and the balance to be raised by voluntary donations, sales of work, etc., is comparatively small. But when the redecoration has been done, it does not end there. Each year there should be a thorough spring-cleaning of the church and its premises, and it is extraordinary what can be done in this way by a band of willing helpers. Any defect discovered should be remedied as early as possible, otherwise, it will get worse.

But it is not only the interior that wants careful attention. There are the notice boards. Nothing looks worse than a notice board that has been allowed to get into a state of disrepair, often because it has not been painted. And surely there is a member of the congregation that could do that painting (of course, if there is lettering on it this will have to be done by a sign-writer, unless there is a member of the congregation who is adept at it). And then see that there are no out-of-date bills on the board. It looks very bad to pass a church and see a bill calling attention to a preacher, or a lecture or something else that took place a month or so ago, or even a week earlier. And then the surrounding grounds require looking after. A well kept garden is an attraction to a church and people passing such feel that if so much loving care can be bestowed upon it then the building itself must be similarly bright and cheerful and consequently they are attracted to the services.

Many of the things referred to are only commonplace and require merely the devotion and attention of some of the members, but it is the little things that count. A preacher once was giving his account of his wanderings from the Church of England until he eventually joined us. But one of the chapels he went into, not a Unitarian one, was dull and dreary and the only decoration was a dismal aspidistra on a table in front of the congregation. Do brighten your church with some gay flowers. It will make such a difference.

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THE ADVENTURE OF CHURCH MAINTENANCE DEVOTION TRANSFORMS— NEGLECT DESTROYS

I—THE CHAPEL IN THE VALLEY

By Wilfred Waddington

(District Minister of the London District and South-Eastern Provincial Assembly.)

A SUNDAY without a preaching engagement permits me to make my second visit to "the Chapel in the Valley". My wife, with recollections of our first visit some fifteen months ago, is not very enthusiastic; and the youngsters, in the words of our fourteen-year-old, "quite frankly take a dim view of it"; but a young man whose work had taken him into the valley was appointed church secretary soon after I settled in London, and he has been writing to me, as District minister-secretary, about a grant in aid of interior redecoration at the chapel. I wish to have a talk with him, and my family is reconciled by the thought that it is a pleasant run down in the car and we can go forward to Blankton for the evening service.

We are accustomed to "leaving time to spare" in case of punctures or other misadventures, and so we arrive more than half-an-hour before the service is due to commence.

The chapel occupies a corner site, and the wartime removal of the railings had formerly enabled the children from a nearby school to establish a short-cut through the overgrown shrubbery; the latter, I recall, was well besprinkled with food wrappings of various kinds at the time of our previous visit. As we pull up, I am a little startled to discover that the old chapel has a new air of being used and loved.

This article will inspire you. Next week we shall tell the story of the restoration of two bombed churches.

There is a well-croscotted rustic fence across the narrow frontage and a long stretch of heavy square-mesh netting on concrete posts faces the side road. The concrete posts and netting have been painted dark green—an unusual refinement; the shrubbery is almost entirely cleared; newly-gravelled paths are edged with four courses of rough-dressed stones, and dabbias, chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones are in full flower in the raised beds. The once-decrepit notice board has been rescued from its long abiding-place by the vestry door and has been bolted to two more of the green concrete posts; its bold Gothic lettering causes me to wonder why ancient, decorated and hardly-legible scripts are so often considered more appropriate; but there is little time for such reflections as my eye passes swiftly to the chapel. The stone walls still bear the marks from choked gutters and cracked down-spouts, but these are not recent and the chapel gleams under a coat of new paint.

Pert adolescence appreciatively exclaims, "My! My! Things are looking up", and for a short time we stand in surprise and awed silence until footsteps on the gravel herald the approach of the new secretary. We introduce ourselves and he reacts visibly to our somewhat open-mouthed appreciation, and almost swells with pride as he assures us that it is "all our own work except the lettering and the painting of the chapel". We soon learn about "yanks" of gravel and stone from a nearby quarry and about the remarkable achievements of half-a-dozen men and youths and a few ladies on Easter Monday and Tuesday and at other times. A cloud shadows his face as he speaks of the extensive and expensive mastic-pointing of window-frames and doors occasioned by years of neglect, but it is only for a moment. We must see the inside of the chapel before the congregation arrive but, of course, we must understand that the interior decoration remains to be done.

The newly-painted doors are flung wide, a dust-sheet is whisked off an oak table, and the hymn books, which formerly languished dustily in the pews from Sunday to Sunday, now

await the ministrations of the warden who will hand them to the people with a welcome as they arrive. They have a scheme, we are told, whereby new and suitably-inscribed hymn books may be given for the use of the congregation in memory of loved-ones lost or in appreciation of happy hours spent in church and school—but "all in good time".

The vestibule looks lighter and brighter than I expected, in spite of the obvious need of interior decoration; an upward glance reveals that one or two cracked and broken panes in the ceiling light have been renewed, and the condition of the putty, as it awaits its coat of paint, suggests an amateur but loving hand; moreover, the dust of the ages that formerly shrouded the upper surface of the glass inside the church has been removed, and the daylight from the chapel windows glints on the moulded pattern of the glass in this interior "sky-light". I am content to appreciate the change in silence, but my wife almost involuntarily expresses delight as she surveys the polished floor-tiles and the spotless matting; we learn that, having received the gift of an electric vacuum cleaner, the chapel committee has been really extravagant and has bought an electric floor-polisher, with great benefit, not only to these tiles, but, as we shall shortly see, to the lino throughout the church.

We pass through the inner door into the church to discover that, unknown to me, it has been electrically relighted. Gone are the ancient shades and glaring bulbs; gone is that gleaming light over the pulpit which has lulled many a worshipper into hypnotic slumber. Opal fittings hang on bronze chains from the high ceiling. I confess that I am a little surprised that I have never heard about this work being done. The secretary tells me that "they were lucky"—one of the members happens to be a Post Office engineer and he really understands all about these things; a few of them, working under his expert direction, had been able to break into the existing wiring with lead-covered cables laid across the rafters. "But how", I asked, "did you manage the ladder-work on so high a ceiling?" His eyes twinkle with pleasure at my genuine surprise as he unfolds the mystery of the way in which the ready-assembled chains and metal galleries had

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been pulled up through small holes in the plaster and then secured to bearers on the ceiling-joists. The materials, mainly the opal fittings, had cost £40. Yes, they have been very lucky—if that is the right word.

The secretary redundantly draws my attention to the rush-bottomed whitewood chairs and I am not again to be taken by surprise when he tells me how they have been scrubbed and bleached by some of the women with the assistance of their husbands, a hosepipe, and "the pleasant summer sun". I remember the rueful glance my wife had bestowed on the back of her cotton frock fifteen months ago. The broken chairs that used to be stacked in the rear corner of the chapel are gone; some have been repaired and are back in service; others still await attention in the workroom.

The secretary assures me that he is very glad to have this opportunity of a conversation with me—he hopes that we may have a talk after service about the quotations they have received for the interior decoration and the procedure to be followed in asking for help from the Appeal Fund which was, in part, dedicated to such work. They have worked so far "under their own steam" but would now be grateful for assistance. The committee have seen designs of work carried out by the firm which submitted the cheapest quotation; the firm has promised to submit a design for approval before the work is begun and their specification of materials seems satisfactory. The committee have decided that flat paint is most durable and satisfactory for the general work, but the window-bottoms will be painted with gloss paint. They find it difficult to make up their minds about the best colour, but the secretary agrees with me that, in any of the usual colours, the choice of shade is the really important factor.

For the sake of economy, they have not included the organ and the heating fittings in the general scheme of redecoration; they feel that they can very well tackle the organ for themselves with a little soap and water and half-a-gallon of clear varnish; they may decide to paint the heating radiators and pipes with a suitable heat-resisting paint, but they are somewhat troubled about the question of heating. Caretaking is now a grave problem, and they will be grateful if, out of the experiences of other churches, I can offer them any guidance about gas-heated boilers or alternative heating systems. Do auxiliary gas-radiators and panel-heaters always smell so abominably and constrict the throat if the burners are properly cleaned and adjusted?

The members of the congregation have begun to assemble; the secretary shows us to our seats and as we sit down to compose ourselves for the service the warden comes to whisper to him and we catch the words "two strangers" as they walk away.

My colleague, the minister, enters the pulpit and I wonder if I am deceived in thinking that he walks more firmly and speaks more happily and confidently than when I heard him fifteen months ago. "O come, let us worship and bow down"—the Oxford Dictionary informs us that "worship" is "reverent homage or service paid to God", and if that is so, this is indeed a place of worship—a place where reverent homage and service are paid to God.

As the service proceeds towards its close, I rejoice that, in the absence of a choir, the organist, though catholic in his use of tune-books, has discovered at least one merit in our own, the settings of many well-known tunes in a lower key.

We come eventually to that Dismissal Verse which is becoming increasingly popular:—

"Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease."

The words might have sounded like the knell of spiritual death in the midst of life; not so today; I have felt that "Truly, the Lord is in this place" and I take up and help to swell the strain:—

"And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

Our post-service conversations and consultations over and our happy farewells said, we get back into the car: "What a transformation!" My eight-year-old says, "We'll come here again, won't we, daddy?" I reflect on those words

from the pen of the Editor of THE INQUIRER, words that I have quoted elsewhere: "The living truth is that a congregation can sometimes be transformed by one passionate and devoted layman"; and I reply, "Yes, my love, we'll come again when we are able".

You may think that my "Chapel in the Valley", like Mr. Sandy Macpherson's, is purely imaginary, but it is not. True, it exists in no single place, but in all its parts past and present, good and bad, it is only compounded of things seen and heard and done in many places; and my words to my youngster are not mine alone—"Yes, we'll come again".

II.—BUT MUCH REMAINS TO BE DONE

By Ronald Bartram

(Member of the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the General Assembly)

IN TOO many cases the condition of our churches is one that does not do credit to our denomination. Churches are allowed to get into a state such as would not be tolerated in our own homes and yet the Church is the place in which we meet to worship God and invite strangers to come and join with us in such worship.

What would be your reaction if you went into a church which evidently had not had a coat of paint or distemper for more years than we care to think? It is quite realised that in many cases, it costs a great deal to redecorate a church, but if a sum is set aside each year for this purpose it will be found that by the time the redecoration is to be done a large part of the expense will have been accumulated and the balance to be raised by voluntary donations, sales of work, etc., is comparatively small. But when the redecoration has been done, it does not end there. Each year there should be a thorough spring-cleaning of the church and its premises, and it is extraordinary what can be done in this way by a band of willing helpers. Any defect discovered should be remedied as early as possible, otherwise, it will get worse.

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THE INQUIRER

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TEL: BUS. 7354. Editorial: BUS. 2912

NEWS REVIEW

(A number of news items are held over until next week.)

Kendal.—We record with pleasure visits during the summer of Unitarians from many parts: London, Manchester, Exeter, Leicester, Glasgow, Oxford, Cambridge, and Omaha, U.S.A. The presence of the Past-President of the General Assembly, Mr. Harold B. Moore, and of the President-Elect, Dr. Dorothy Tarrant, enabled us to receive from them a cordial, if unofficial, message of encouragement from the G.A.

For a long time the Hall has needed extensive repairs and decorations, but for financial reasons the work could not be given to a contractor. A group of enthusiasts, however, decided that it must be done, and they have just completed voluntarily, a very comprehensive scheme, the judgment on it by a well known local decorator being, "a really first class job".

London: Highgate.—The 66th anniversary was celebrated on September 23 by a special Reunion Service in the afternoon, followed by tea and a social gathering in the schoolroom. By a happy coincidence, this day was also the 40th anniversary of the marriage, in our church, of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. S. Cooper. Congratulations were offered in a letter, bearing many signatures, and in the gift of a table lamp. Mr. Cooper has been the secretary of the church throughout this period.

This Service, and also the Harvest Thanksgiving Service on October 7, were conducted by Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, whose ministry will not now close until the end of the year.

Monston.—The Harvest Services held on Sunday, September 30, and conducted by the Minister, the Rev. D. T. Evans, were the most successful held for many years. The Youth Group took in hand the arranging of the offerings and the result of their labours was a magnificent display of fruit, flowers and vegetables. These were later distributed to various charitable homes in the district. The attendances at all Services were very satisfactory and the collections for the day amounted to £14, a big increase on last year. The Family Service in the afternoon was attended by some 60 parents and friends along with the Sunday School scholars. The introduction of an adult class by the minister is proving very popular and attendances increase each Sunday. "Unitarianism" forms the basis of a series of talks by the Minister, and satisfies a desire by the younger members to know more about our faith.

Oldbury.—The Unitarian Church has been recently adorned with a new addition to its furnishings, in the shape of a handsome clock, presented by Mr. J. G. Allen, J.P., in memory of his friend, Alan Claude Jephcott, who passed away on October 5, 1950. A brass tablet beneath records the object of the gift. The memorial was unveiled by Mr. Allen at a Dedication Service, held on Sunday evening, September 30, 1951, at which the address was delivered by Major H. Wilson Keys, Chairman of the West Bromwich Albion Football Club, who recalled the high proficiency achieved by Mr. Jephcott in the days when he played for the club, which he afterwards served as Deputy Chairman of Directors. He also spoke of the many activities in other directions which had entered into his friend's life, particularly of his association from childhood with Oldbury Unitarian Church. A large congregation gathered to pay tribute to the memory of a greatly respected worker.

Eastern Union.—On October 6, a day of mellow autumn sun-light, the Annual Meeting of the Eastern Union was held at the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, under the chairmanship of its President, the Rev. H. Stewart Carter. The attendance of delegates and members was a tribute to the enthusiasm and distinct consciousness existing in this widely separated group of churches. Reports presented by the officers showed a year of useful and satisfactory endeavour, and grants were made to the Great Yarmouth congregation, the General Assembly, and the Unitarian College, Manchester. The Rev. H. S. Carter was re-elected President; Mr. R. J. Collett, Honorary Treasurer; and the Rev. J. A. Kennedy, Honorary Secretary. Greetings were read from the President of the General Assembly.

Following tea in the Maritime Hall, the day's proceedings closed with a Devotional Service in the Octagon Chapel, conducted by the Minister.

London District: Women's League.—The Autumn Quarterly Meeting was held on September 29, at Newington Green Church. There were 48 members present representing 12 branches. After the Business Meeting, Miss Parnell, of the U.N.A., gave an address on the work of the Association, giving accounts of the different Committees, and particularly those working in the backward areas. Attention was drawn to the fact that October 26 is U.N. Day, and Miss Parnell urged members to do all in their power to support the work of U.N.A. Tea was provided by the Newington Green Women's League and was greatly appreciated by all present. The afternoon closed with a Service conducted by Mrs. Williams, of Scotland.

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CALENDAR

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1951

ABERDEEN, Un. Church, Skene St., 11 and 6, Rev. FREDERICK MUNFORD.
ADSWORTH, Un. Ch., Knowsley Rd., 11 and 3, Rev. B. GILL.
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE, 6.30, No Service.

ANSDILL. (See Lytham St. Anne's.)

ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Rd., 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. MATHER.

BATH, Trim St. Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Dr. H. J. McLACHLAN.

BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Av., 11.30, —, 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW.

BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11, Dr. A. L. AGNEW, 7, Rev. A. ELLIOT PEASTON.

BESSLS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Ch., 11, Mr. A. P. HEWETT.

BILLINGHURST, Free Church, South Street, 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.

BIRKENHEAD, Un. Ch., Beasborough Rd., 6.30, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL.

BIRMINGHAM, Ch. of Messiah, Broad St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART.

BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church, and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Dr. D. C. ARTINGSTALL.

BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. D. JONES.

BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR WHITTAKER.

BOLTON, Bank St., 10.30 and 6.30, Dr. ALFRED HALL.

BOLTON, Halliwell Rd. Free Ch., 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.

BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Rd., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. L. TOSLAND.

BOSTON (Lincoln), Spain Lane Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. JOHN KELLY.

BOURNMOUTH, Un. Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Rev. L. REDFERN.

BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BULLOCK.

BRIDGWATER, Christ Ch., Dampier Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 6.30, Mr. S. H. LEY.

BRIGHTON, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. N. WALTON.

BRIGHTON, Christ Ch., Unitarian New Road, 11, Mrs. E. SAVAGE, 6.30, Rev. J. P. CHALK.

BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Supply.

BRISTOL, Oakfield Rd., Clifton, 11, Mr. A. H. RUSSELL, 6.30, Rev. J. TYSEL DAVIES.

BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Women's League Annual Service.

BURY, Bank St., 11, Rev. F. M. RYDE, 6.30, Closed. (Group Service at Aldershot).

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CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER.
 CARDIFF, The West Grove Un. Church, 11, Mr. ARTHUR WILSON, 6.30, Mr. LESLIE THOMAS.
 CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne St., 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Supply.
 CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Rev. WILL HAYES.
 CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Ch., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. STANLEY PETERS.
 CHOWHENT CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
 COSELEY, Staffs, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. C. WHITEMAN.
 CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech St., 6.30, Mr. BUCKLEY.
 CREWKERNE, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. TERRY.
 CROYDON, Free Christian Ch., Wellesley Rd., 11, Rev. J. P. CHALK.
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY. STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY.
 DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL.
 DERBY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. M. CONSTANCE HARRIS.
 DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Miss F. A. MACRAE.
 DONCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. PARKINSON.
 DOVER, Adrian Street Un. Ch., 6.30, Rev. ETHEL KAY.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS.
 DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON.
 DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY P. WHITEHOUSE.
 EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. TAVENER.
 EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. B. FRASER.
 GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH.
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Un. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER REID.
 GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS.
 HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barn, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER.
 HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. PAYNE.
 HASTINGS, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENNIGH HILTON.
 HINCKLEY, Great Meeting, Bains Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. C. H. BARTLETT.
 HORSHAM, Worthing Road, 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
 HORWICH, Unitarian Free Church, 6.30, Supply.
 HUNDESFIELD, Fitzwilliam St., 11, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
 HULL, Park St. Ch. (Un.), 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON.
 IPSWICH, Friars Street, 11, Rev. WM. HAWORTH, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate Street, 6.30, Rev. WM. HAWORTH.
 KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. PIPER.
 KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11, and 6.30, Rev. H. WHITAKER.
 KNOTSFORD, Brook St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MONRO.
 LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. HALL.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT DALE RICHARDSON.
 LEICESTER, Narborough Rd., 11, Junior Ch., 6.30, —.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Bond St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MARSH.
 LEITCHFORTH, Victoria Hall, Gordon Walk, 11, Local Arrangements.
 LEWIS, Westgate Chapel, 11, Dr. H. W. STEPHENSON.
 LINCOLN, High St. Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. H. W. KEMMALL.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. BENTLEY.
 LIVERPOOL, Bookle Free Church, 6.30, Mr. S. H. KNIGHT.
 LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill St., 6.30, —.
 LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
 LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Rev. BRIAN L. GOLLAND.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. KER MENNEN.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHAWELL PRICE.
 LONDON, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LONG.
 LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. J. LONG.
 LONDON, Bristol, Ellis Rd., 11, Rev. E. G. LEE.
 LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN C. BELLANTINE.
 LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Mr. F. CONNELL.
 LONDON, Golden's Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN CROFT.
 LONDON, Hackney, New Ground Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CONNELL.
 LONDON, Hampstead, Ruskin Hill, 11, Dr. MORTIMER ROWE.
 LONDON, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. J. G. GREENE.
 LONDON, Highgate, High Rd., 6.30, Mr. P. E. HART.
 LONDON, Ilford, Un. Ch., Upper St., Preston Hall, 7, Rev. A. V. FOX.
 LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Ch. Ch., Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX, 7, Junior Church.
 LONDON, Ladbroke, Un. Ch., High St., 11, Mr. W. E. RENN.
 LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Rd., Kew Green, 6.30, Rev. G. E. HALL.
 LONDON, Mansfield St. Chapel, Bedford Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DENNIS.
 LONDON, Richmond Free Ch., Oswald Road, 11, Rev. G. E. HALL.
 LONDON, Stamford, West Ham Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. MURPHY.
 LONDON, Thaxted Ch., 29 Bell Street, Edgware Road, 11, First Sunday in the Month.
 LONDON, Whitechapel, Un. Ch., East Hill, 11, Rev. A. PRIDOCK.
 LONDON, White Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11 and 3rd Sunday, 6 Oct. 20th, Rev. T. MORRIS THOMAS.
 LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. G. J. G. GREENE.
 LONDON, Woodstock, Daffin Road, S.E., 11.15, School, 6.30, Mr. F. CALVERT.
 LONDON, Victoria St., 6.30, Supply.
 LUTON, St. Anne's (Roman), Unitarian Church, Channing Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.

MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Ch., Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON.
 MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT.
 MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY.
 MANCHESTER, Fallowfield, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. PIPKIN.
 MANCHESTER, Mill Street Free Church, Bradford, 3, Mr. R. S. SALT.
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTIER.
 MANCHESTER, Monton Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS.
 MANCHESTER, Pendleton Un., Cross Lane, 3, MDA Special Service, Cavendish Street Chapel, 6.30, No Service.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
 MANCHESTER, Renshaw St. Mission, 6.30, Rev. A. J. HRALE.
 MANCHESTER, Stand Ch., Whitefield, 10.45, Rev. G. D. FOOTE, 6.30, Group Service at Ainsworth.
 MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 6.30, Mr. A. E. POTTS.
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Church, Brownley Rd., Benchill, 6.30, Mr. J. S. HALLAM.
 MANFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWIDEN.
 MARPLE, Calver Institute, 3, each Sunday.
 MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
 MIDDLEBROUGH, Christ Ch. Unitarian, Corporation Rd., 6.15, Rev. A. E. MORRE.
 MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6.30, Rev. JOHN EVANS.
 MORECAMBE (see Lancaster).
 MORETONHAMPTON, 3, NEWTON ABBOT, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
 MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Road, 10.45 and 6, Mr. EDWIN SHAW.
 NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES.
 NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Rd. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. TOSLAND.
 NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY.
 NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 146th Sunday School Anniversary 10.45, 2.45, 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM.
 OLDURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham St., 11, Children's Service 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE.
 OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL, 6.30, Mr. T. J. THOMPSON.
 OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Dr. H. J. McLACHLAN.
 PADDENHAM, North Unitarian Ch., Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. HILL WATKINS.
 PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH.
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Houndscroft Rd., 11, Rev. E. H. KENLEY, 6.30, Unitarian Fellowship Service.
 POOLE, Un. Ch., Hill St., 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. L. REWERS.
 PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Foston Bridge, 6.30, Mr. J. R. STURGES.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church St., 6.30, Rev. ALAN WILLIAMS.
 REDWOOD, Hants, the Meeting House, 11, Mr. ERIC KAY.
 ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30, Rev. W. BIER, 6, Closed, Group Service at Ainsworth.
 ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. WM. MILLAR.
 SALT, Ashmore Rd., 11, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
 SCARBOROUGH, Un. Ch., Westborough, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. STRACHAN.
 SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookham Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES.
 SHEFFIELD, Falswood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. SOKELL.
 SHEFFIELD (Airedale), 6.30, Rev. P. N. TERNALL.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. S. WHITBY.
 SHEFFIELD, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. LEWIS.
 SHERWOOD, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. GORDON DAVIES.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Rd., 6, Rev. H. J. ROBINSON.
 SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Dursley Rd., 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Women's League Service, Dr. DOROTHY TARRANT.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Anniversary Services, Rev. L. A. GARRARD.
 STALYBRIDGE, Un. Ch., Canal St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. EMMES.
 ST. HELENS, Corporation St., 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
 STOCKPORT, Un. Ch., St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN HARRISON.
 STOCKPORT-ON-THE, Wellington St., 6.30, Supply.
 STOCKPORT, Profection Un. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RICHARD LEE.
 SWANSEA, Pennard, Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. RAIL VINNY.
 SWANSEA, Unitarian Ch., High St., 6.30, Rev. R. VINNY.
 SWANSEA, Swinton Hall Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WELLS.
 TARNHILL, The Abbey Chapel, 6.30, Rev. E. H. KENNEY.
 THAMES, Old Meeting House, Ashford Rd., 6.30, Rev. G. KENNEL.
 THAMES, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. M. JENNISON.
 THORP, Unity Ch., Mansfield Rd., 6.30, Mr. S. PHILLIPS.
 THORP, Conifer Unitarian Ch., 11 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.
 WALSLEY, Mansfield Church, Manor Rd., 11, Rev. ERIC W. HILL, 6.30, Rev. GRACE MOUNTAIN.
 WARRINGTON, Odeon St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. DAVIES.
 WARRINGTON, Friends House, Dursley Rd. (off permission), 7.30, Last Sunday in the Month.
 WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 6.30, Rev. K. C. THORP.
 WEST KANT, Brookfield Gardens, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS.
 WIGAN, Flamingo Chapel, 6, Miss E. GILL.
 WYKE, St. Saviour's Chapel, 6.30, Supply.
 THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, the N.U.F., 24 Grafton Sq., W.C.1.

